

SELECT
PSALMS,
FROM
DIFFERENT VERSIONS;
TO WHICH ARE ADDED
A FEW

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

166 Ps.
X Bible O. T. Psalms
Selections
SING YE PRAISES WITH UNDERSTANDING.

Pfalm xlvii. ver. 7.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

London :

PRINTED FOR F. AND C. RIVINGTON,

NO. 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD;

By Bye and Law, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell.

1800.



P R E F A C E.

THE design of the following Selection is to render that part of Divine Worship, which is employed in giving praise and glory to God, more devout and more affecting. When the choice of the Psalms is left to an individual, it is not always made with judgment; such parts of them as are the least applicable to a christian audience may be selected, while those which are edifying, and calculated to raise pious affections in the heart, are sometimes passed over and neglected.

The decency and propriety of Public Worship is an object of high importance: it is, therefore, greatly to be lamented, that so essential a part of it, as *Psalmody*, which, when rightly performed, tends so much to raise true devotion, should have fallen into neglect in the established Church. It undoubtedly formed

a very considerable part of the worship of the early Christians, in which the whole Congregation constantly joined. At present it is become too generally the custom to leave the Singing of Praise to God to *a few persons* only, who seem to perform it, more as a matter of entertainment to themselves, than as a solemn act of Divine Worship. While the rest of the Congregation appear not only uninterested in this part of the Service, but are sometimes observed to behave, during that interval, in a manner very unbecoming the sacred place, where they are assembled.

The Authors, from whom these Psalms and Hymns have been chiefly selected, are Addison, Watts, Merrick, Tate, Steele, &c. &c. and most of the Tunes, here recommended, may be found in a Collection made by S. Ad-dington.

February 14, 1800.

PSALM I.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, whose virtuous steps
No wicked counsels lead aside;
Who shuns the finner's path, nor sits
Where God and goodness men deride;
- 2 But on the laws divine his love
Is plac'd, his soul's entire delight :
On these his mind is fix'd by day,
On these his wakeful thoughts by night.
- 3 No cross events shall blast his hopes,
Nor spoil the pleasures of his mind ;
Whilst the ungodly are dispers'd
Like chaff by ev'ry stormy wind.
- 4 God will reward the just men's works,
As he approves the ways they tread ;
But the smooth paths of sinners, down
To death and to destruction lead.

PSALM III.

- 1 **O**LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood !
My peace they daily discompose ;
But my defence and hope is God.
- 2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an evening cry ;
Thou heard'st, when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thy heav'nly aid,
 I laid me down and slept secure ;
 Not death could make my heart afraid,
 Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 My God sustain'd me all the night :
 Salvation doth to God belong ;
 He rais'd my head, to see the light,
 And make his praise my morning-song.

PSALM IV.

1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
 I am for ever thine ;
 I fear before thee all the day,
 Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
 From cares and business free ;
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
 With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice ;
 And when my work is done,
 Great God, my faith and hope relies
 On thy support alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

P S A L M V.

1 **L**ORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
 Accept my secret prayer;
 To thee alone, my King, my God,
 Will I for help repair.

2 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
 And with the dawning day,
 To thee devoutly I look up,
 To thee devoutly pray.

3 O may thy spirit guide my feet
 In virtue's happy way!
 Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
 And teach me to obey.

4 To them, who put their trust in thee,
 Thy care thou wilt extend;
 And with thy love the good and just,
 As with a shield, defend.

P S A L M VIII.

1 **O** THOU, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name!

2 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight,
 The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feebl' light:

- 3 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind!
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wond'rous kind!
- 4 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train,
Ordain'd, with dignity and state,
O'er all thy works to reign.
- 5 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

P S A L M IX.

- 1 **T**O celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world thy works,
Thy wond'rous works declare.
- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasures bring;
While to thy name, O Thou most high,
Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 God is a constant sure defence
Against oppressing rage;
As troubles rise, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.

All those, who have his goodness prov'd,
 Will on his truth confide ;
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man,
 That on his help relied.

- 5 Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
 From Sion his abode ;
 Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
 Confess no other God.

P S A L M XIII.

- 1 **H**OW long shall I complain, like one
 Whom God does never think upon ?
 Can I, while thou thy face dost hide,
 Still wait and pray, and be denied ?
- 2 Shall I for ever be forgot,
 As one, whom thou regardest not ?
 Still shall my soul thine absence mourn,
 And still despair of thy return ?
- 3 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief
 Before my death conclude my grief ;
 And, by thy favour, dissipate
 The darkness of my gloomy state.
- 4 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
 My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

P S A L M XV.

- L**ORD, who's the happy man, that may
 To thy blest courts repair?
 Who to thy hill shall seek the way,
 And find acceptance there?
- 2 'Tis he, whose every thought and deed
 The law of virtue moves;
 Whose tongue is heard alone to speak
 What first his heart approves.
- 3 Who never will a slander spread,
 His neighbour's fame to wound;
 Nor listen to a false report,
 By malice whisper'd round.
- 4 Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
 Can treat with just neglect;
 And piety, though meanly clad,
 Religiously respect.

P S A L M XVI.

- 1 **G**OD is my portion, all my good
 From his rich mercy flows;
 And his kind providence secures
 The blessings he bestows.
- 2 I set the Lord before my face,
 In him will I rejoice;
 My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
 Wak'd by his powerful voice.

3 My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
In darkness or despair ;
Nor quit my body to the grave,
To see corruption there.

4 Thou wilt to me the paths reveal,
Which to thy presence lead ;
Where pleasures dwell for evermore,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM XVIII.

1 **N**O change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;
For thou hast always been a rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou art my helper, O my God,
My trust is in thy mighty pow'r ;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

3 To thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe ;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from the treach'rous foe.

4 To heav'n I made my mournful prayer,
To God address'd my humble moan ;
Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
And heard me from his lofty throne.

+
P S A L M X I X.

- 1 **T** H E spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue etherial sky,
 And spangl'd heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Doth his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to ev'ry land,
 The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth.
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets, in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though nor real voice nor sound
 Amidst their glitt'ring orbs be found;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 " The hand that made us is divine."

PSALM XIX. (*Second Version.*)

- 1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way ;
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
 It spreads diviner light ;
 It calls dead sinners from the tomb,
 And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
 And all thy judgments just !
 For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
 In thee we safely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
 Are thy directions giv'n !
 O may I never read in vain,
 But find the path to heav'n.

PART II.

- 1 **I** HEAR thy word with love,
 And I would fain obey ;
 Send thy good spirit from above,
 To guide me lest I stray.
- 2 O who can ever find
 The errors of his ways ?
 Yet with a bold presumptuous mind
 I would not dare transgress.

- 3 Warn me of ev'ry sin ;
 Forgive my secret faults ;
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
 Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.
- 4 While with my heart and tongue
 I spread thy praise abroad ;
Accept the worship and the song,
 My Saviour and my God.

P S A L M XXII.

- 1 **W**H Y has my God my soul forsook,
 Nor will a smile afford ?
(Thus David once in anguish spoke,
 And thus our dying Lord.)
- 2 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
 And great deliv'rance found ;
But I'm a worm, despis'd of men,
 And trodden to the ground.
- 3 Shaking the head, they pass me by,
 And laugh my soul to scorn :
In vain he trusts in God, they cry,
 Neglected and forlorn.
- 4 Why will my Father hide his face ,
 When foes stand threat'ning round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
 Where none to help is found.

- 5 For thou hast been my hope and stay,
 From earliest youth till now ;
 O leave me not to death a prey ;
 Thy needful help bestow.

P A R T II.

- 1 **O** YE, who fear the Lord, with praise
 His gracious aid implore !
 Ye faithful seed, his glories raise,
 His sacred name adore !

- 2 I to my God will songs of praise
 Amid th' assembly sing ;
 My humblest vows on holy days,
 With pure devotion bring.

- 3 Earth's farthest bounds to thee shall bow,
 The world thy love proclaim ;
 All nations thee, their God, shall know,
 And own thy sacred name.

- 4 The rich thine altar shall attend,
 And glad obedience pay :
 The poor to thee shall grateful bend,
 And thy commands obey.

- 5 These to succeeding ages all
 Thy righteousness shall show ;
 That those to come on God may call,
 And all his wonders know.

†
P S A L M XXIII.

1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

P S A L M XXIII. (*Second Version.*)

- 1 **T**HE Lord, my shepherd and my guide,
Will all my wants supply;
In safety I shall still abide
Beneath his watchful eye.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 Though hast'ning to the silent tomb,
And death's dark shades appear;
Thy presence, Lord, shall clear the gloom,
And banish ev'ry fear.
- 4 Thy constant bounties me surround,
Thy grace no limit knows;
My favor'd head with joy is crown'd,
My cup with blessings flows.
- 5 Thus shall the goodness of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thine house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

P S A L M XXIV.

- 1 **T**HE earth's the Lord's, to him belong
All creatures it contains;
His gracious care to all the world
Extends, o'er which he reigns.

- 2 That holy hill, where God resides,
 Whose feet to tread are free?
 Lord, who within thy sacred place
 May stand, and worship thee?
- 3 He, whose unspotted hands no crime,
 Whose heart no stains defile;
 Whose tongue blasphemes not God, nor swears
 His neighbour to beguile.
- 4 This is the worshipper alone,
 Whom God delights to bless;
 On whom he'll faithfully bestow
 His promis'd happiness.

P S A L M XXV.

- 1 **I** LIFT my soul to God,
 In him my trust repose:
 O let me not become a scorn,
 Nor triumph to my foes.
- 2 To me thy truth impart,
 And lead me in thy way;
 For thou art he, that brings me help;
 On thee I wait all day.
- 3 Thy mercies and thy love,
 O Lord, recall to mind,
 And graciously continue still
 Compassionate and kind.

- 4 Into my youthful sins
 No strict enquiry make;
 Those early faults, O Lord, forgive,
 For thy own mercy's sake.

PART II.

- 1 **T**HE just and gracious God
 Will erring souls instruct;
 Their wand'ring steps to virtue's path
 He safely will conduct.
- 2 The humble souls he'll guide,
 And teach the meek his way;
 Kindness and truth express to those,
 Who his just laws obey.
- 3 Who is that happy man,
 That fears the Lord above?
 He'll ever lead him in the ways
 That he himself doth love.
- 4 Possess'd with quiet thoughts,
 His soul shall dwell at ease;
 His feed shall after him enjoy
 Prosperity and peace.

P S A L M XXVII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, my Saviour, is my light;
 What terrors can my soul affright?
 While God my strength, my life, is near,
 What pow'rful arm shall make me fear?

- 2 Should num'rous hosts besiege me round,
My stedfast heart no fear shall wound;
Firm as a rock my hope shall stand,
Sustain'd by his almighty hand.
- 3 Thou sacred spring of all my joys,
Whene'er I raise my plaintive voice,
O let thy sov'reign mercy hear,
And answer all my humble prayer.
- 4 Instruct me, Lord, thy path to know,
And, if with secret art some foe
My doubting steps would turn aside,
Be thou my helper, and my guide.

P S A L M XXVIII.

- 1 **H**EAR me, O Lord, my sure defence,
When I thy succours crave,
Lest I become like them, that lie
Forgotten in the grave.
- 2 O let not that sad fate be mine,
Which waits that sinner's end;
Who, whilst all mischief he contrives,
Speaks like the kindest friend.
- 3 Blest be the Lord, who heard the prayers
That in distress I made;
I trusted in his strength, and found
His kind and needful aid.

- 4 Those, that upon his power rely,
 God will protect and own;
 And his anointed save, whom he
 Has raised to his throne.

PSALM XXXII.

- 1 **O** HAPPY men are they
 Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
 Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more!
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care;
 Their lips and lives without deceit
 Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
 No rest my conscience found;
 When I confess'd my sins to God,
 He clos'd the fest'ring wound.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
 Let saints keep near the throne;
 Our help in time of deep distress
 Is found in God alone.

PSALM XXXIII.

- 1 **L**ET all the just with fervent joy,
 To God their cheerful voices raise;
 For well the righteous it becomes
 To join in grateful songs of praise.

- 2 Most faithful is the word of God;
His works with truth and love abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his fruitful goodness crown'd.
- 3 By his almighty word at first
The wond'rous arch of heav'n was rear'd;
And all the glitt'ring lights above
At his supreme command appear'd.
- 4 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever wise and sure;
The settled purpose of his will
To endless Ages shall endure.

† P S A L M XXXIV.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take;
And soothe their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

- 4 Fear him, ye just, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear;
 Make you his service your delight,
 He'll make your wants his care.

P S A L M XXXVI.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines;
 Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud,
 That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains,
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
 Thy providence the world sustains,
 The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust.
- 4 With thee the springs of life remain,
 Thy presence is eternal day;
 O let the good thy favour gain,
 'To upright hearts thy truth display.

+ P S A L M XXXIX.

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou maker of my frame!
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.

- 2 My days are but a span, mine age,
As nothing, is to thee;
When man is in his best estate,
He's only vanity.
- 3 A shadow he pursues, but his
Vexations real are;
Gets wealth, but knows not who shall reap
The profit of his care.
- 4 What should I wish, or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 5 Let others foolishly expect
How kind the world will prove,
I'll seek to please my God, and be
Ambitious of his love.

PART II.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pain I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 How weak, alas! we are, when God
Doth man for sin chastise;
Like garments fretted by the moth,
His beauty ruin'd lies.

- 3 My mournful state, O Lord, regard,
And to my cry give ear;
I am a stranger here on earth,
As all my fathers were.
- 4 O spare awhile, my suff'rings ease,
My failing strength restore,
Ere death my fainting spirits seize,
And I appear no more.

P S A L M XL.

- 1 **I** TARRIED in the house of prayer,
To patient hope resign'd;
And God, in his paternal care,
To hear my voice inclin'd.
- 2 I, that in misery was plung'd,
Surrounded with despair,
Am safely plac'd above my fears,
And firm my goings are.
- 3 And now I'll cheerful praises sing
To God, who set me free;
While this thy goodness doth invite
Others to trust in thee.
- 4 Thy wond'rous works and thoughts of love
To us so many are;
If I would tell them, they exceed
My thoughts and value far.

PART II.

- 1 **W**HO can the wond'rous works relate,
Which God for us hath wrought?
The treasures of his love exceed
The powers of speech and thought.
- 2 No more the flocks and herds shall die,
For sinners to atone,
Then lo, I come, I come, said I,
To give myself alone.
- 3 O God, 'tis written in thy word,
That I should do thy will;
I from my heart have all forfook
That scripture to fulfil.
- 4 Within thy courts I have made known
How great thy mercies are;
Thy truth and faithfulness, my tongue
To publish shall not spare.

P S A L M XLI.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose tender care
Relieves the poor distressed!
When troubles to his lot shall fall,
The Lord will give him rest.
- 2 His life, with num'rous blessings crown'd,
In safety he'll prolong;
And disappoint the will of those,
Who seek to do him wrong.

- 3 If e'er he languish, if in pain
Or sickness he shall lie,
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.
- 4 Let therefore God, our gracious Lord,
From age to age be blest!
Let all the people join in praise,
With thankful hearts exprest!

PSALM XLI. (*Second Version.*)

- 1 **B**LEST, who with gen'rous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes;
Who to the poor man's want gives ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear.
- 2 In ev'ry want, in ev'ry woe,
Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know;
Thy care his life shall guard, thy hand
To him shall give the promis'd land.
- 3 When languid with disease and pain,
Thou, Lord, his spirit wilt sustain;
Raise with thine arm his sinking head,
And smooth with tenderest care his bed.
- 4 O thankful bless th' almighty Lord,
The God by Jacob's sons ador'd;
To him through endless ages raise
One song of oft repeated praise.

PSALM LXV.

- 1 **O** THOU who hear'st our humble cry,
Our God, our refuge, and our stay;
To thee shall mourning sinners fly,
To thee shall ev'ry nation pray.
- 2 Though sin prevails with dreadful sway,
And hope almost expiring lies,
In mercy hear us when we pray,
And make our sinking hopes arise.
- 3 Happy the man approv'd by thee,
Whose welfare is thy constant care;
Thy goodness he shall always see,
The bounties of thy table share.
- 4 Eternal source of ev'ry joy,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear.

PSALM LXXI.

- 1 **T**HY constant care, O God, did guard
My tender infant days;
Thou took'st me from my mother's womb
To sing thy constant praise.
- 2 And now, through life's bewild'ring ways,
Thy hand supports me still;
Thy honour therefore, and thy praise
My mouth shall always fill.

- 3 Reject not then thy servant, Lord,
When I with age decay ;
Forfake me not, when worn with years
My strength shall fade away.
- 4 Then joy shall fill my breast, and praise
Employ my cheerful voice ;
My thankful soul, by thee redeem'd,
Shall in thy power rejoice.

+ PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant is thy dwelling place,
O Lord of hosts, to me !
The tabernacles of thy grace,
How pleasant, Lord, to see !
- 2 To tread thy courts my soul desires ;
I thirst for thine abode ;
My flesh cries out, my heart aspires
To thee, the living God.
- 3 Before th' approaches of thy gate
My soul doth long to dwell ;
In this thy house one day to wait
A thousand shall excel.
- 4 Here, Lord, thy people's voice receive,
Accept their humble prayer ;
To us thy grace and glory give,
To us incline thine ear.

PART II.

- 1 **O** LORD of hosts, my King and God,
How truly blest are they,
Who to thy house with joy repair,
And thankful worship pay!
- 2 Secure and happy are all they,
Whose stay and strength thou art,
Who in thy house delight to pray,
And love thee from the heart.
- 3 For God the Lord, our light and life,
Will constant favour shew,
And no good thing will he withhold
From those, who keep his law.
- 4 O Lord of hosts, that man is blest,
And happy shall he be,
Whose heart has stedfastly resolv'd
To trust alone in thee.

PSALM XC.

- 1 **O** GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd its frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

- 3 A thousand ages in thy fight
Are as an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 4 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

PSALM XC. (*Second Version.*)

- 1 **T**HOU turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
From which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the word "return,"
Thy voice must be obey'd.
- 2 In youth we flourish, like the grass
Which feels the morning light,
But falls beneath the mower's hand,
And withers ere 'tis night.

- 3 So man is doom'd, by thy decree,
His fleeting time to spend ;
Our unregarded years are gone,
Like tales that quickly end.
- 4 Then teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to scan ;
This truth implant in all our hearts,
“ Our life is but a span.”

PSALM XCII.

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, O God, our King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No worldly cares should seize our breast ;
O may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 Our hearts shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 O may we see, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below ;
May all our powers find sweet employ
In thy eternal world of joy.

PSALM C.

- 1 **Y**E people all, on earth who dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice!
Serve him with fear! his mercies tell!
Come ye before him and rejoice!
- 2 For know, the Lord is God alone;
Know that from him we all proceed;
We are the flock he calls his own,
'The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise!
Approach his courts with holy joy!
Your hearts with warm devotion raise!
Your tongues let thankful songs employ!
- 4 For God is gracious, just, and good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM C. (*Second Version.*)

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy!
Know that the Lord is God alone!
He can create, he can destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

- 3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

P S A L M CII.

- 1 **T**HROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.
- 2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid:
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
With wond'rous skill was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy pow'rful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And chang'd at thy command.
- 4 But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminish'd rays.

P S A L M CIII.

- 1 **M**Y soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
 God's holy name for ever blefs!
 Of all his favours mindful prove,
 With joyful voice thy thanks exprefs!
- 2 For he alone thy sins forgave,
 He fill'd thy mournful heart with joy;
 From danger he thy life did save,
 He can restore, he can destroy.
- 3 Wide as the east lies from the west,
 He hath the sinner's guilt remov'd;
 He, with a father's pitying breast,
 Hath such as fear'd him always lov'd.
- 4 For God, who all our frame surveys,
 Considers man a work of clay;
 He knows that all our fleeting days,
 Like grass, or flowers, fade away.

P S A L M CIV.

- 1 **M**Y soul praise the Lord! his wonders proclaim!
 Thy greatness, O God, surpasseth all bound;
 Excelling in glory, how great is thy name!
 What majesty awful thy throne doth surround!
- 2 All creatures are thine; thou wilt them relieve;
 To each in due time thou sendest their food;
 They gather what blessings thy wisdom shall give,
 When thou thy hand lift'st, they're filled with good.

- 3 But when in thy wrath thou hidest thy face,
How trembleth the earth, all nature must mourn;
When thou their breath takest, the whole human race
From dust all created, to dust shalt return.
- 4 To bless thee, O God, all nations shall join,
And with all their powers thy goodness shall praise.
While sinners shall perish, thy mercy divine,
My soul to thanksgiving and triumph shall raise.

P S A L M CXVI.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord, who heard my cries,
And pity'd ev'ry groan;
Hence, while I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I'll praise the Lord, who bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away:
O let my heart no more despair,
Nor let me cease to pray.
- 3 My God, I cry'd, thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just!
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust.
- 4 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears;
Hence I'll in praise employ my breath,
Through life's remaining years.

P S A L M CXVIII.

- 1 **J**OY fills the dwelling of the just,
Whom God hath sav'd from harm ;
For wond'rous things are brought to pass
By his almighty arm.
- 2 That, which the builders once refus'd,
Is now the corner-stone ;
This is the wond'rous work of God,
The work of God alone.
- 3 This is the joyful day, O God,
Which thou thyself hast made ;
O may we all rejoice, and sing
Thy love to man display'd !
- 4 Let all give thanks to God, the Lord,
Whose mercies far extend ;
And let the tribute of our praise
Each day to heav'n ascend.

P S A L M CXIX.

- 1 **H**OW shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free ?
" By making still their course of life
" With thy commands agree."
- 2 How blest are they, who always keep
The pure and perfect way !
O suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray ;

- 3 But teach me, Lord, by thy just laws
My future days to frame!
Secur'd by these, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy name.
- 4 From trifling objects turn mine eyes,
Which this vain world displays;
And give thy servant power and strength
To serve thee all his days.
- 5 While sinners, slaves to each delight,
In sensual pleasures live,
My soul shall never taste of joys,
But those thy precepts give.

PART II.

- 1 **B**EFORE affliction stopp'd my course,
My footsteps went astray;
But now my heart with zeal begins
Thy precepts to obey.
- 2 To me thy word shall be a lamp
The way of truth to shew,
A light to guide me in the path,
The path I ought to know.
- 3 O may this sacrifice of praise
With thee acceptance find!
Thou in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind!

- 4 I'll make thy just and perfect laws
My heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.

P S A L M CXXVIII.

- 1 **H**OW blest the man, his God who fears,
His power adores, his law reveres!
Happy is he, ordain'd to share
His Maker's ever constant care.
- 2 He always fenc'd from want shall stand,
And eat the labour of his hand;
The object of his tender love
A source of happiness shall prove.
- 3 While, as the olive branches fair,
Around his board his infant care
Shall croud, and bid his heart o'erflow
With joys, that only parents know.
- 4 He lives to see his house increase,
And leaves the world in joy and peace;
Such blessings, Lord, thou wilt provide
For those, who make thy laws their guide.

P S A L M CXXX.

- 1 **L**ORD, from the pit of deep distress,
To thee I make my moan;
To thee, when dangers round me press,
I sigh, complain, and groan.

- 2 Harken, my God, to my request,
 Thy gracious ear incline;
 In pity on my wounded breast
 O shed thy balm divine.
- 3 I know, if at thy righteous bar,
 All our misdeeds were try'd,
 The doom strict justice must declare,
 No mortal might abide.
- 4 But mercy, mercy dwells with thee;
 Unbounded is thy grace;
 Therefore shall trembling Piety
 In hope approach thy face.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

- 1 **L**ET us all give thanks and sing
 Praise to God our heav'nly King;
 For his wisdom made the sky,
 With the num'rous lights on high;
 And the earth, by his decree,
 Rose above the boist'rous sea;
 For his blessings far extend,
 And his mercy has no end.
- 2 He, by his all-powerful might,
 Fill'd the new-made world with light;
 He ordain'd the glorious sun,
 All the day his course to run;

And the moon to shine by night,
 With the stars of glitt'ring light;
 For his blessings far extend,
 And his mercy has no end.

- 3 All his creatures God doth feed,
 His full hand supplies their need;
 Let us then with joyful mind
 Bless the Lord for ever kind;
 Be the King of Kings ador'd!
 All ye nations praise the Lord!
 For his blessings far extend,
 And his mercy has no end.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

- 1 **O** LORD, thou hast me search'd, and known
 My rising up and lying down;
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.
- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
 My public walks and private ways:
 Surrounded by thy power I stand;
 On ev'ry side I feel thy hand.
- 3 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
 What large extent! what lofty height!
 My soul, with all the powers I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.

- 4 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I go, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

PART II.

- 1 **C**OULD I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thine influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run?
- 2 If up to heav'n my course I bear,
'Twill be in vain, for thou art there;
If down to hell my feet descend,
Thou still my footsteps shalt attend.
- 3 Or if, on swiftest wings upborne,
I seek the regions of the morn;
Or haste beyond the western tide,
Ev'n there thy hand shall be my guide.
- 4 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the darkest shade of night;
The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I go, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

P S A L M CXLV.

1 **O** GOD, my King, thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days;
 Thou shalt employ my heart and tongue,
 Till death and glory raise the song.

2 Maker of all! lo ev'ry eye
 Expects from thee its just supply:
 Their bread, proportion'd to the day,
 Thy open'd hands to all convey.

3 For this each passing hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
 And ev'ry setting sun shall see
 New works of duty done to thee.

4 But who can tell thy wond'rous deeds!
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
 Great and unsearchable thy ways:
 Great and immortal be thy praise!

P A R T II.

1 **O** UR life, our hope, on God depends;
 From him in heav'n all good distills:
 When he his op'ning hand extends,
 His plenty all creation fills.

2 The Lord is just in all his ways,
 Thro' all his works his goodness shines,
 To all, that offer prayer or praise,
 His ear of mercy he inclines.

- 3 Still near to those that on him call,
 If faith and truth direct their prayer,
 His power fulfils their wishes all,
 As strong to save, as swift to hear.
- 4 But tho' on such, as love his name,
 These gifts of goodness he bestows;
 Yet, know, the fruits of sin are shame;
 Destruction falls on all his foes.
- 5 Rise then, my soul, and gladly praise
 The pow'r and justice of the Lord;
 While all that breathe their voices raise,
 And with the joyful song accord.

P S A L M CXLVI.

- 1 **I**'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
 And, when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, while thought, while being last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God. He made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train;
 His truth for ever stands secure,
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

- 3 The Lord to sight restores the blind,
 The Lord supports the sinking mind;
 He sends the wounded conscience peace:
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless;
 He grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise my Maker with my breath,
 And, when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, while thought, while being last,
 Or immortality endures.

P S A L M CXLVII.

- 1 **O** PRAISE thy God, my soul! aloud
 Address the Lord on high!
 O'er the wide heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his show'rs of blessings down
 To cheer the plains below;
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 The corn in vallies grow.
- 3 He gives to all his creatures meat;
 He hears the raven's cry:
 To man he gives the flour of wheat,
 Of life the due supply.

- 4 He guides the planets as they roll,
Their course and order knows;
In man, he heals th' afflicted soul,
And all its wounds can close.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

- 1 **Y**E boundless realms of joy
To God your voices raise!
Join all ye powers above,
To sing your Maker's praise!
Let ev'ry voice
Declare his power,
His name adore,
And all rejoice.
- 2 Let ev'ry creature join
To bless his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came.
Let nature raise,
From ev'ry tongue,
A gen'ral song
Of grateful praise.
- 2 But from the human race
Let nobler praises flow,
And ev'ry thankful heart
With warm devotion glow.

Your voices raise,
 Ye highly blest
 Above the rest!
 Proclaim his praise.

P S A L M CL.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ; let praise employ,
 Within his courts, your songs of joy ;
 'The spacious firmament around
 Shall echo back the joyful sound.
- 2 Proclaim his works in songs divine ;
 His wond'rous works how bright they shine ;
 Praise him for his almighty deeds,
 Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.
- 3 Let all, that life and breath enjoy,
 In songs of praise their lips employ ;
 But chiefly you, who know his word,
 Adore, and love, and praise the Lord.

5 00 57

9

H Y M N S.



H Y M N I.

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,
Each morn thy mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowfy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

H Y M N II.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time, mis-spent, redeem,
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talents with due care,
And for the judgment-day prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, and all thy ways.

- 4 Lord, I my pray'rs to thee renew,
Disperse my sins like morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thy favour bless me still.
- 5 All praise to God, who safe hath kept,
And hath refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, that when from Death I wake,
I may of endless life partake.

H Y M N III.

- 1 **L**ORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,
I pass the shades of night,
Serene and safe from ev'ry harm,
And see returning light.
- 3 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
My heedless steps defend.
- 4 Still bless my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days,
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

HYMN IV.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eye-lids close:
Sleep, which may me more active make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye Heav'nly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN V.

- 1 **W**ITH one consent let all the earth
The praise of God proclaim,
Who sent the Saviour, by whose birth
To man salvation came.

- 2 All nations join to magnify
 The great, the wond'rous love
 Of Him, who left for us the sky,
 And all the joys above.
- 3 But vainly thus in songs of praise
 We bear a joyful part,
 If, while our voice aloud we raise,
 We lift not up the heart.
- 4 We, by a holy life alone,
 Our Saviour's laws fulfil;
 By those his glory best is shown,
 Who best perform his will.
- 5 May we to all his words attend,
 With humble pious care!
 Then shall our songs to heav'n ascend,
 And find acceptance there.

H Y M N VI.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Prince of Life,
 The chosen of the Lord,
 God's well-beloved Son fulfils
 The sure prophetic word.
- 2 Cloth'd with no pompous state,
 He seeks no earthly throne;
 By meekness, patience, truth and love
 His dignity is shown.

- 3 He comes the light of men,
His doctrine life imparts;
O may we feel its quick'ning pow'r,
To purify our hearts.
- 4 Cheer'd by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heav'nly way:
The path, which Christ hath mark'd and trod,
Will lead to endless day.
- 5 Glory to God on high,
And heav'nly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, which angels sung,
At our Redeemer's birth.

H Y M N VII.

- 1 **O** GOD, we praise thy wond'rous love,
We blest our Saviour's name,
Who, man's salvation to procure,
Despis'd reproach and shame.
- 2 Through sorrow and through death he pass'd,
Thy pleasure to fulfil;
He magnify'd thy holy law,
And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 All we, ungrateful to thy love,
Like sheep had gone astray,
From virtue's happy path we turn'd,
And chose the sinner's way.

- 4 But by our Shepherd now brought back,
And with his favour blest,
We're taught the safe, the happy road,
That leads to joy and rest.
- 5 To God, the everlasting King,
Be endless praises giv'n,
Who sent his Son on earth, to die,
And make our peace with heav'n.

H Y M N VIII.

- 1 **C**HRISt the Lord is ris'n to-day, Hallelujah.
Our triumphant Holiday, Hal.
Who endur'd the cross and grave, Hal.
Sinners to redeem and save. Hal.
- 2 Death, no more we dread thy sting! Hal.
Sin subdu'd, we joyful sing; Hal.
Christ hath dy'd our souls to save; Hal.
Where's thy victory, O grave! Hal.
- 3 Glory be to God above; Hal.
Praise him for his boundless love, Hal.
Who hath rais'd his Son on high; Hal.
All shall live, through him, that die. Hal.

H Y M N IX.

- 1 **B**LEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord,
For ever be his mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a stedfast hope,
That they should never die.
- 3 What though thy uncontrol'd decree
Command us back to dust,
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 We by thy power, O God, are kept,
'Till our salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
'Till Christ shall call us home.

H Y M N X.

- 1 **T**H Y sacred influence, Lord, we need,
To form our hearts anew;
O cleanse our souls from ev'ry sin,
And thy salvation shew.
- 2 Father of light! thy Spirit grant,
To guide our doubtful way;
Thy truth shall banish ev'ry cloud,
And make a glorious day.
- 3 Supported by thy heav'nly aid,
We may perform thy will,
Thy grace shall make each burden light,
And ev'ry murmur still.

- 4 By thee sustain'd, we'll fearless tread
The gloomy paths of death;
And, in the hope of endless bliss,
Resign to thee our breath.

H Y M N XI.

- 1 **W**HEN Christ our Lord a table spreads,
And heav'nly food prepares,
Shall we ungrateful turn away,
Engross'd with sinful cares?
- 2 Let vain pursuits, and vain desires,
Be banish'd from the heart;
The Saviour's love fill ev'ry breast,
And light and life impart.
- 3 He knew how frail our nature is,
Our souls how apt to stray,
How much we need his gracious help,
To keep us in the way.
- 4 For these kind pledges of his love
His mercy did ordain;
To bring refreshment to our souls,
And faith and hope sustain.
- 5 Since such his condescending grace,
Let us with hearts sincere,
Obedient to his holy will,
His table now draw near.

- 6 And while we join to celebrate
The suff'rings of our Lord,
May we receive new strength and power
To keep his holy word.

H Y M N XII.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my tender heart conceiv'd
From whence those comforts flow'd.
- 3 Thy care, O God, my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when with sin and sorrow prest,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

- 6 Through all eternity to thee
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 But O! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

H Y M N XIII.

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 From all our griefs and troubles, Lord,
 Thy mercy set us free,
 Whilst, in the confidence of pray'r,
 Our hearts were fix'd on thee.
- 4 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
 Thy goodness we'll adore,
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

H Y M N XIV.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee;
 'Midst vain and worldly thoughts I rove,
 Regardless of the joys above.

- 2 Why should my soul thus fix on earth,
 Forgetful of its heav'nly birth?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And from my Lord and Saviour go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
 One sov'reign word can draw me hence;
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all these empty things resign.

H Y M N XV.

- 1 **W**HEN thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be fought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought!
- 3 But thou in mercy hast declar'd,
 If we our sins lament,
 The timely tribute of our tears
 Shall endless woe prevent.
- 4 Then never shall my soul despair,
 A pardon to procure,
 Who knows thy only Son has dy'd
 To make that pardon sure.

H Y M N XVI.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! God of grace!
Each perfect gift is thine;
Through various channels flow the streams,
The source is still divine.
- 2 Thy kindness call'd us into life,
And all the good we know;
Each present comfort, future hope,
Thy liberal hands bestow.
- 3 The friends whose charity provides
This refuge where to flee
From want, from ignorance and vice,
Were raised up by thee.
- 4 To thee we owe the full supply,
Which by their hands is giv'n:
To make us useful here below,
And train our souls for heav'n.
- 5 May health and peace attend them here,
And every joy above;
While we improve, with grateful hearts,
The labour of their love.

A HYMN composed for the SUNDAY-SCHOOL
at KELVEDON.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all! whose tender love,
Whose bounty all thy creatures prove;
We feel thy goodness, own thy power,
Thy hand sustains us every hour.
- 2 Supported by thy gracious care,
Thy blessings while we daily share;
Our infant minds, which else would stray,
Are early taught to know thy way.
- 3 That happy day, which God hath blest,
We pass in prayer and holy rest;
Cheerful we sing our Maker's praise,
And wish to serve him all our days.
- 4 By Christ's example we are led,
The sacred paths of truth to tread:
To shun the sinner's dangerous way,
To love our duty and obey.
- 5 Cheerful obedience to his word,
Will present peace and hope afford,
And never-ending joys await,
The righteous in a future state.

CHORUS.

*O may these early pious cares,
Appear in our succeeding years;
And every future action shew,
The happy fruits of what we know.*

H Y M N XVIII.

- 1 **P**ARENT of good! to thee we owe
 Whatever we enjoy ;
 Our every blessing here below,
 Our hopes beyond the sky.
- 2 The duties of our little sphere,
 Assist us to fulfil ;
 And mark'd, let every act appear,
 With rev'rence for thy will.
- 3 Contented with our humble state
 We'll pass our peaceful days ;
 Seek to be good, instead of great,
 And live our Maker's praise.
- 4 Stretch out, O Lord, thy willing hand,
 To guide our erring youth :
 And lead us to that blissful land,
 Where dwells eternal truth.

CONGREGATION.

Thou God of love, and mercy, hear
 Their artless songs, their fervent prayer ;
 And with thy choicest favors bless,
 And own as thine this rising race.

Incline their hearts to learn thy will,
 Their opening minds with knowledge fill ;
 Impress thine image on their breast,
 And guide them to eternal rest.

HYMN XIX.

FOR SUNDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**EHOLD we come, O Lord, to thee,
And bow before thy throne;
We come to offer on our knee,
Our prayers to thee alone.
- 2 But not our knee, or tongue can pay
The mighty debt we owe;
Far more is due, than we can say,
Far lower should we bow.
- 3 For every blessing, which we share,
Thy goodness freely gave:
Thou dost us here, in mercy spare,
And wilt hereafter save.
- 4 O then, my soul, bring all thy pow'rs,
And grieve, thou hast no more;
Bring every day, thy choicest hours,
And thy great God adore.
- 5 But chiefly on his own blest day,
Prepare thy mind and heart;
With those who hear, and praise, and pray,
To bear its joyful part.

H Y M N XX.

- 1 **F**AR from these gloomy scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of endless joy and light
 Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 No clouds those blissful regions know,
 For ever bright and fair;
 For sin, the cause of ev'ry woe,
 Can never enter there.
- 3 There pain and sickness never come,
 And grief no more complains:
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns.
- 4 No darkness there is ever known
 To need the sun's faint ray:
 But glory, from the sacred throne,
 Spreads everlasting day.
- 5 O! may the view of heav'n inspire
 Our hearts with holy love;
 'Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
 Bear every thought above.

GLORIA PATRI.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory ; as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd :

As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

5 OC 57

INDEX TO THE PSALMS.

B	Page	Tunes
Before affliction stopp'd my	38	St. Ann's.
Before Jehovah's awful	33	Islington.
Behold the morning sun	13	Eagle Street new.
Blest is the man, whose	5	Islington.
Blest, who with gen'rous	27	Evening Hymn.
C		
Could I so false, so faithless	42	Angels.
G		
God is my portion, all my	10	* Chelsea.
God of my life, look gently	24	University.
H		
Happy the man, whose	26	* Chelsea.
Hear me, O Lord, my sure	20	{ Handel's or { Gainsborough.
High in the heav'ns, eternal	23	Angels.
How shall the young	37	Crowle.
How blest the man, his God	39	Derby.
How long shall I complain,	9	Darwent.
How pleasant is thy dwelling	29	Bedford.
I		
I hear thy word with love,	13	Wirksworth.
I'll lift my soul to God,	18	† Plaintive.
I'll praise my Maker with	44	Carey's or Jennings's.
I love the Lord, who heard	36	Irish or Grove House.
I tarried in the house of	25	George's.
Joy fills the dwellings of the	37	New York.
L		
Let all the just with fervent	21	Old 100.
Let us all give thanks, and	40	Easter Hymn?
Lord, hear the voice of my	7	Bexley.
Lord, thou wilt hear me,	6	New York.
Lord, who's the happy man	10	Stroud.
Lord, from the pit of	39	

* The same as Oxford Tune in Addington's Collection, omitting the two last bars.

† Called Mount Ephraim Chapel, by Addington.

I N D E X.

M	Page	Tunes
My soul, inspir'd with sacred	35	Rothwell.
My soul, praise the Lord	35	Old 104.
N		
No change of times shall ever	11	Bramcoat
O		
O God, my King, thy various	43	Rothwell.
O God, our help in ages past,	30	Althrope.
O happy men are they	21	† Plaintive.
O Lord of hosts, my King	30	Norwich or David's.
O Lord, thou hast me search'd	41	Magdalen tune to 51st Ps.
O Lord, how many are my	5	Angels.
O praise thy God, my soul,	45	Abington.
O Thou, to whom all	7	Ashley.
O Thou, who hear'st our	28	Magdalen tune to 51st Ps.
Our life, our hope,	43	
O ye who fear the Lord, with	15	George's.
P		
Praise ye the Lord, let praise	47	Randall's.
S		
Sweet is the work, O God	32	Derby.
T		
Teach me the measure of my	23	Walsal.
The earth's the Lord's to	17	St. David's.
The just and gracious God	19	Falcon Street.
The Lord, my Saviour, is	19	Issington.
The Lord my pasture shall	16	Carey's.
The Lord, my shepherd and	17	Cambridge new.
The spacious firmament on	12	Ancaster.
Thou turnest man, O Lord,	31	Windfor.
Through all the changing	22	Irish.
Thro' endless years thou art	34	Handel's.
Thy constant care, O God,	28	James's.
To celebrate thy praise,	8	Cambridge new.
W		
Who can the wond'rous	26	George's.
Why has my God my soul	14	Walsal.
Y		
Ye boundless realms of joy,	46	St. Edward's.
Ye people all, on earth who	33	Old 100.

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

	A	Page	Tunes
Morning.	Awake, my soul, B	51	Derby.
Christmas.	Behold the Prince	54	Eagle Street new.
Resurrection.	Blest be the everlasting Behold we come, C	56	Ashley.
Easter.	Christ the Lord F	56	Easter Hymn.
	Far from these	66	
	Father of mercies!	62	
	Father of all!	63	
	G		
Evening.	Glory to thee, my God, H	53	Evening Hymn.
	How are thy servants	60	New York.
	L		
Morning.	Lord of my life, M	52	New York.
Morning or Evening	My God, how endless My God, permit me O	51	Rothwell.
		60	Randall's.
Good Friday.	O God, we praise P	55	{ Magd. tune to Hy. on Gratitude
	Parent of good! T	64	
Whitsunday.	Thy sacred influence W	57	Irish.
Gratitude.	When all thy mercies,	59	Ashley.
Sacrament.	When Christ our Lord	58	* Chelsea.
A future judgment.	When thou, O Lord,	61	University.
Christmas.	With one consent	53	George's.

5 00 57

